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LOST IN A DREAM!

AS REVEALED TO
BILL PEARSON
AUTHOR

AND INTERPRETED BY
DICK GIORDANO
ARTIST

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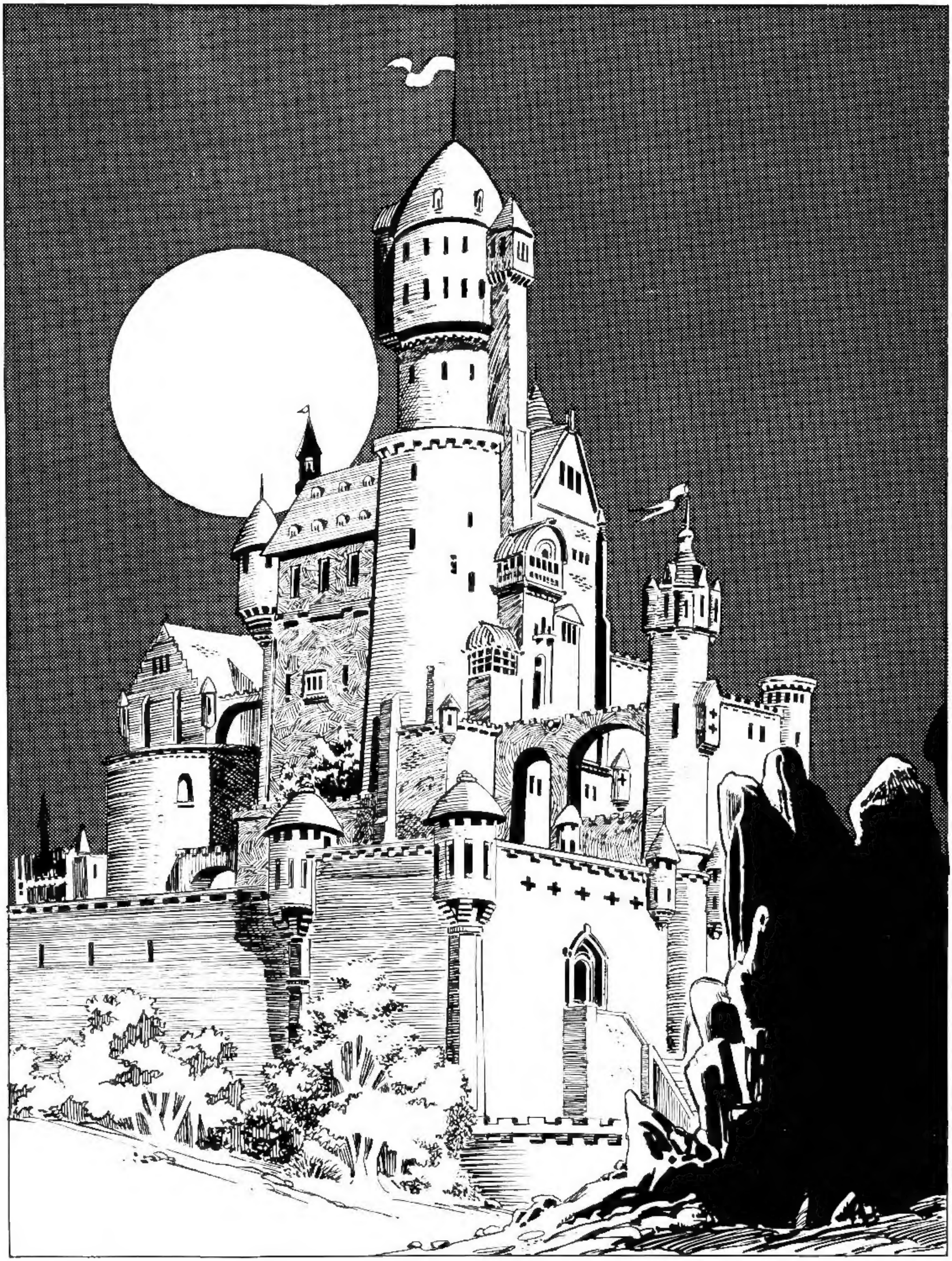

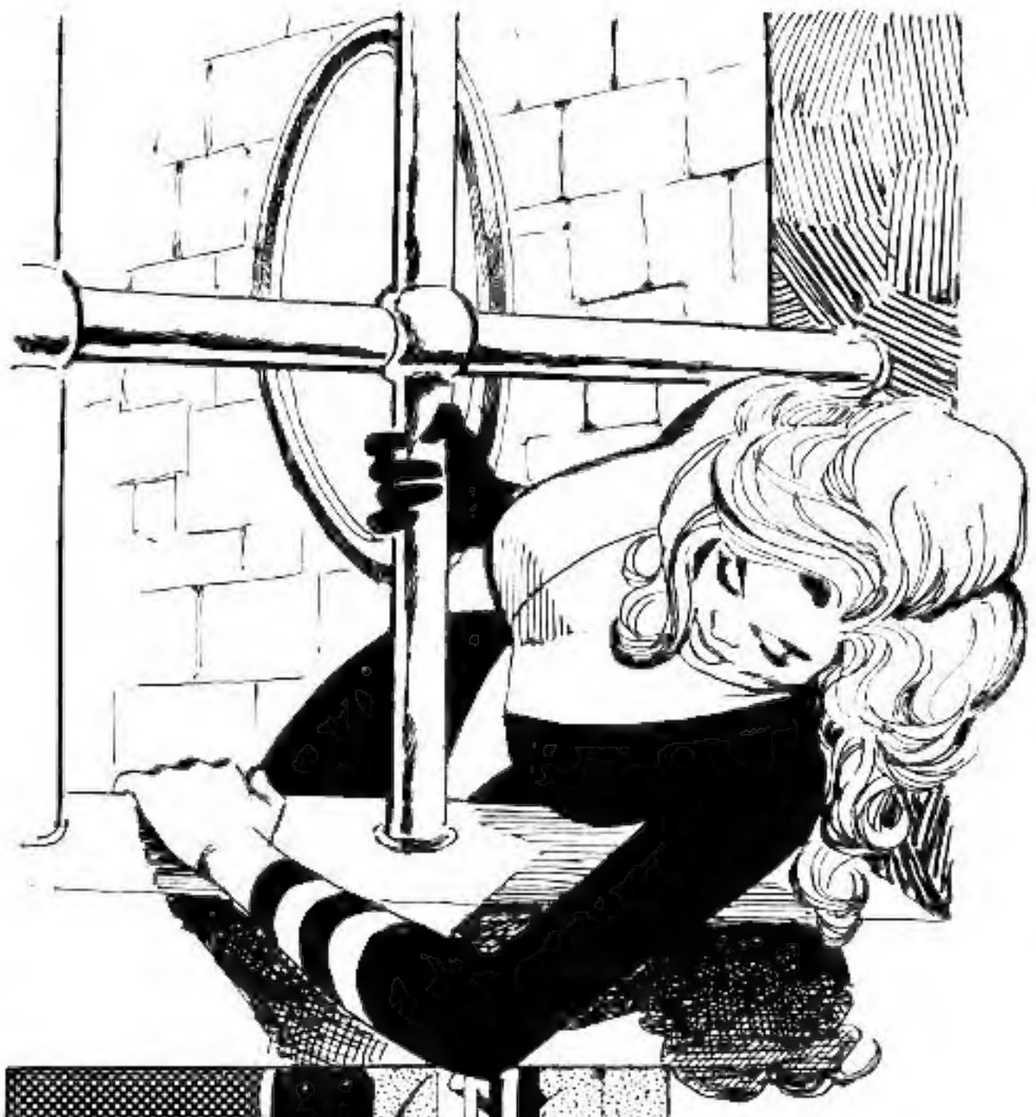

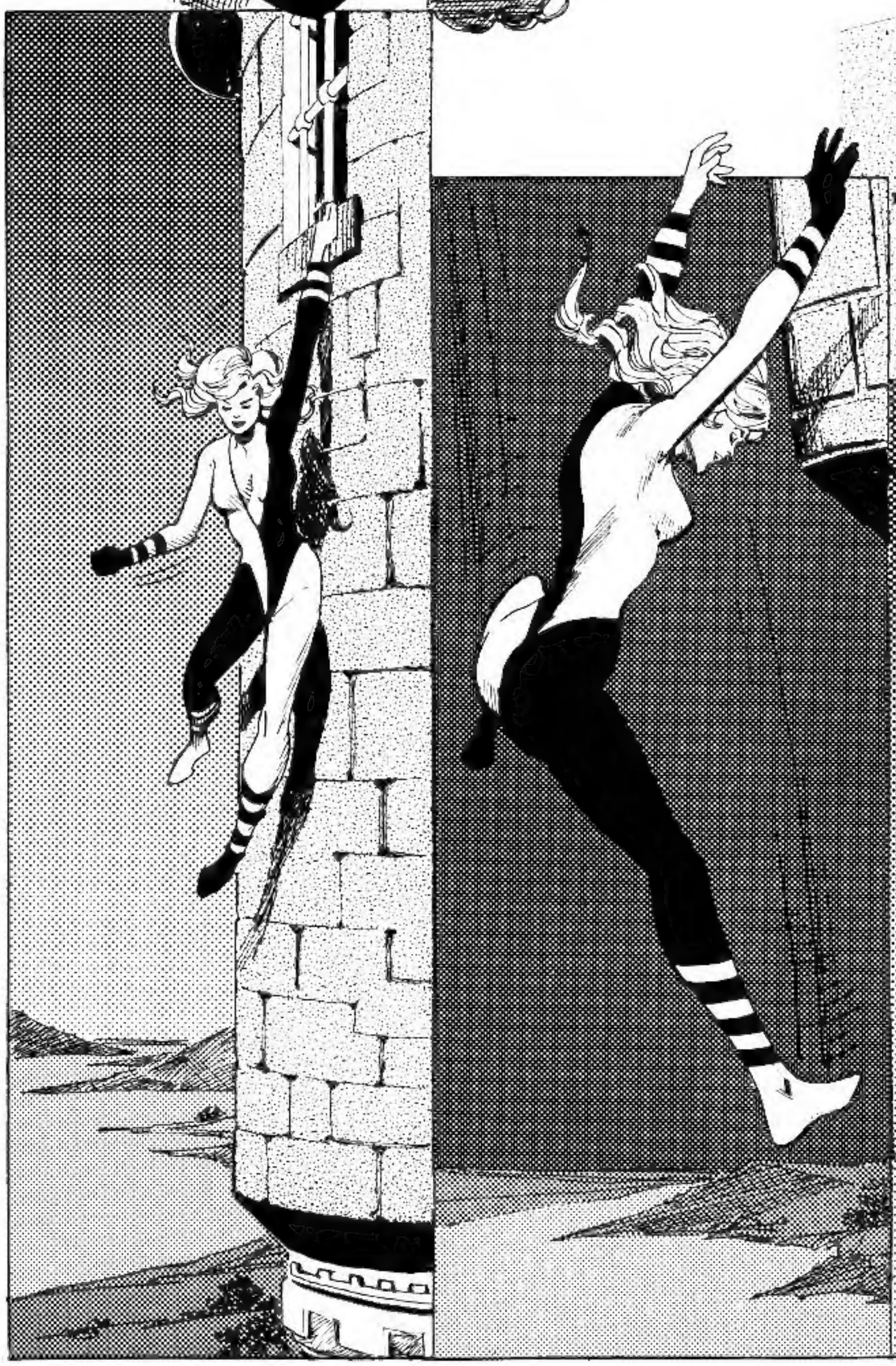

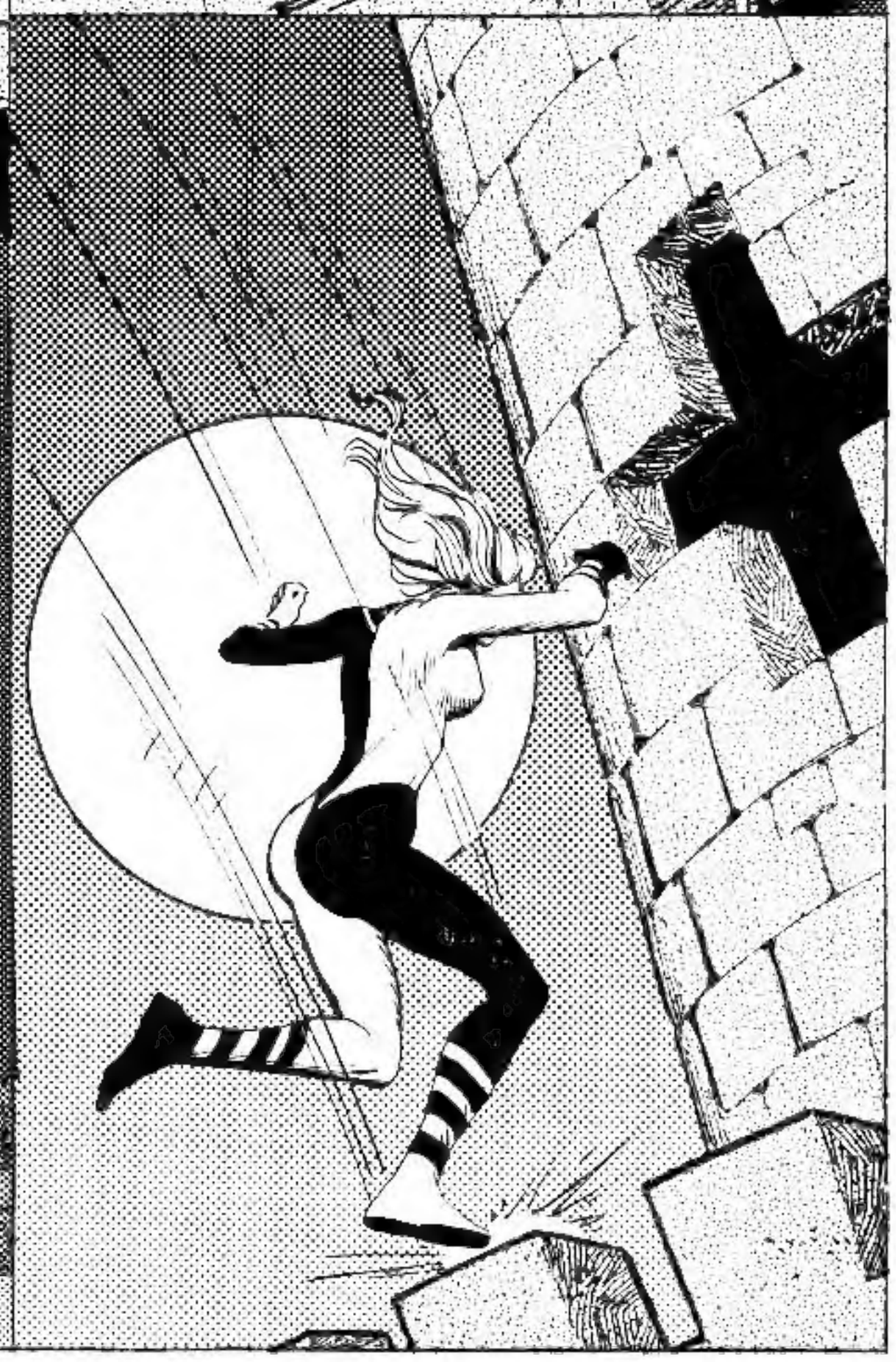

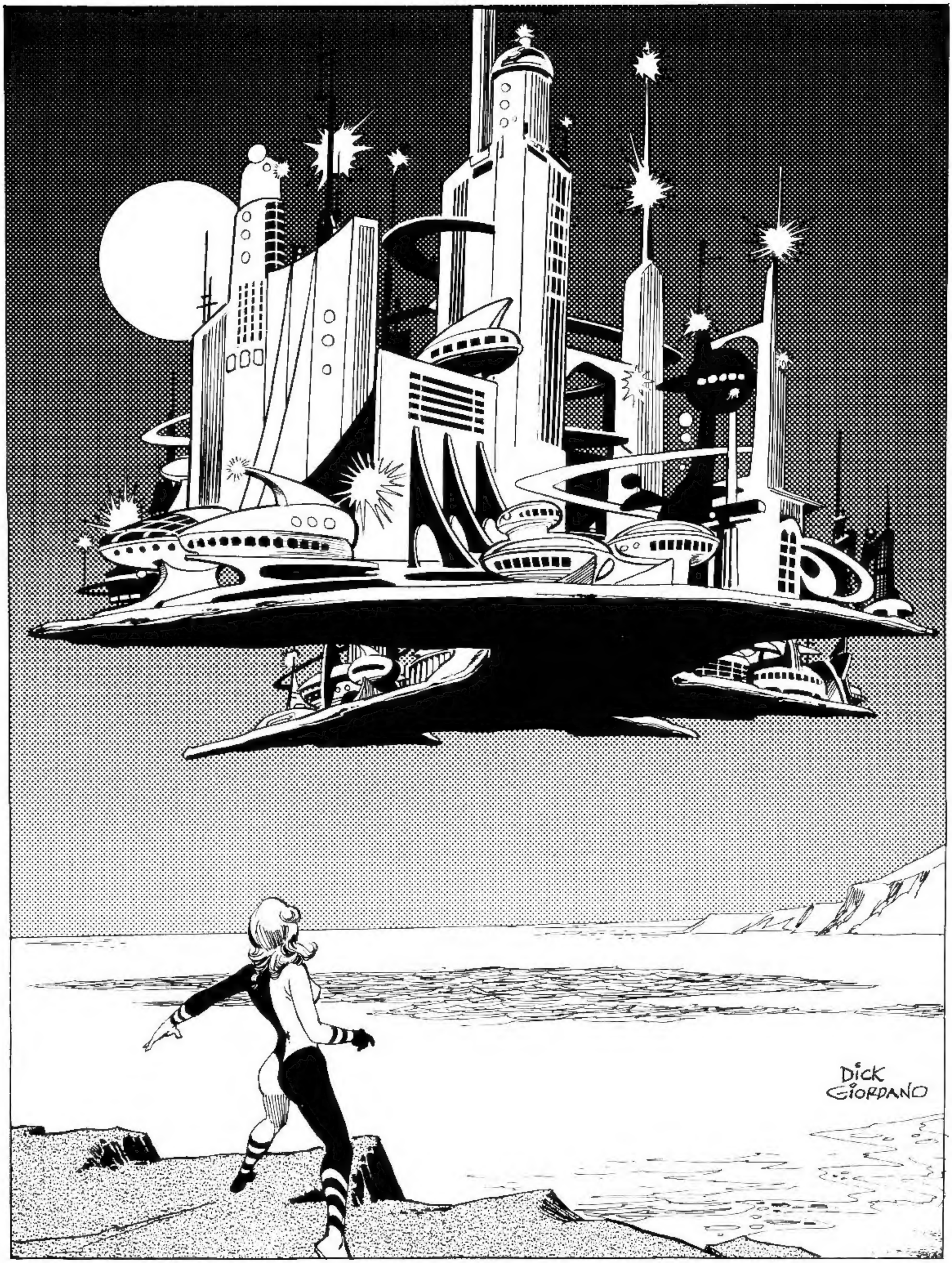
DICK
GIORDANO

1939

STORY by GUYLA and ALEX TOTH

1939: TO CELEBRATE ERIC DAMON'S COLLEGE GRADUATION, HIS FATHER BOOKED PASSAGE FOR HIM ON THE SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK RUN OF THE FREIGHTER 'HERMOSA', SKIPPERED BY HIS OLD FRIEND, CAPTAIN NILS OLSON · AT THE TIME, ERIC HAD NO IDEA JUST HOW MEMORABLE THIS, HIS FIRST VOYAGE, WOULD BE ···

CLEARING THE PANAMA CANAL, THE 'HERMOSA' ENTERED THE CARIBBEAN — EVERY MINUTE WAS AN ADVENTURE OF DISCOVERY FOR ERIC AND HIS FIVE FELLOW PASSENGERS ···

MR. AND MRS. DAWSON FROM SEATTLE, AND THE RIGHT REVEREND COLE, HIS WIFE, AND LOVELY DAUGHTER, SUE, WHO OCCUPIED MUCH OF ERIC'S TIME AND THOUGHTS FROM THE START ···

CAPTAIN OLSON KINDLY ATTENDED TO THE COMFORT OF HIS PASSENGERS AND, WHEN DUTIES PERMITTED, DINED WITH THEM IN THE SALON, WHERE HE PROVED TO BE A GRACIOUS HOST AND APT STORYTELLER ···

GOOD WEATHER, A CALM SEA, AND STAR-FILLED TROPICAL NIGHTS SPAWNED A RESTFUL VOYAGE · THEN, DURING ONE OF ERIC'S SOLITARY LATE NIGHT DECK STROLLS, SOMETHING QUITE OUT OF THE ORDINARY OCCURRED ··· THE SHIP'S ENGINES STOPPED ··· AND ···

?

A SEAPLANE! IT'S LANDING!

ERIC WAS THE ONLY PASSENGER AWAKE TO WITNESS A BOAT LOWERED TO MEET THE SEAPLANE, AND ALL THAT TOOK PLACE, LATER··

HK-LA

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UNNOTICED, ERIC WATCHED FROM THE FANTAIL ...

..AS A LONE PASSENGER TRANSFERRED FROM PLANE TO LAUNCH WITHOUT A WORD BEING SPOKEN —

AFTER WHICH, THE SEAPLANE TURNED, TAXIED AWAY SOME DISTANCE, IN AN APPARENT ATTEMPT TO AVOID AWAKENING THE 'HERMOSA'S PASSENGERS WITH ITS ENGINES' NOISE — AND THEN —

—TOOK OFF!

THE LAUNCH WAS SWIFTLY AND QUIETLY WINCHED UP AGAIN INTO ITS PORTSIDE STATION, WHEN ALL ABOARD DEBARKED ...

SOON, ERIC HEARD THE 'HERMOSA'S ENGINES RE START — THE SHIP WAS UNDERWAY ONCE MORE!

WHILE, ON CAPTAIN'S DECK —

—HE SAW THE 'MYSTERY PASSENGER' ESCORTED TO, AND ENTER, THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN WITH DISPATCH!

WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S IMPORTANT — TO WARRANT ALL THIS 'CLOAK AND DAGGER' STUFF! — BUT WHAT TH' HECK IS IT ALL ABOUT?!

WELL — TOMORROW WILL TELL, I GUESS!

?

ENROUTE TO HIS CABIN, ERIC CHANCED TO SEE A SHIP'S OFFICER ESCORTING REVEREND AND MRS. COLE, AND SUE, TO THE CAPTAIN'S DECK...

LATER...

I DON'T GET IT— NONE OF IT!

AT 4:53 AM, A RISING WIND SWEPT BLACK CLOUDS ACROSS THE MOON — THE SEAS GREW ROUGH — AND SOON, WIND AND SEA TORE AT EACH OTHER, BOTH ELEMENTS ABOILING, INTO A FULL-FLEDGED **TROPICAL STORM!**

WHICH TOSSED THE 'HERMOSA' ABOUT LIKE A CORK —

PASSENGERS AND CREW ALIKE WERE CAUGHT UNAWARES BY THE ONSLAUGHT!

ERIC WAS TIPPED FROM HIS BUNK!

HEARING THE SCREAMS AND SHOUTS OF HIS FELLOW PASSENGERS WHO MIGHT BE HURT, HE LEFT HIS CABIN IN AN ATTEMPT TO AID THEM...

BUT — THE DECK PITCHED AGAIN — AND...

KRAK

WITHIN MINUTES, ON THE BRIDGE...

SIR! INJURY BELOW! THE BOY, ERIC DAMON — UNCONSCIOUS! COULD BE A CONCUSSION!

ERIC? — OH, LORD! TAKE OVER, 'FIRST'! I'M GOING BELOW! BRING THE FIRST AID KIT, DUNSTAN — AND **HURRY!**

LATER...

RIGHT, DUNSTAN — IT'S CONCUSSION, ALL RIGHT! HAVE 'SPARKS' RADIO U.S. COAST GUARD FOR EMERGENCY PICK-UP AT SEA BY THEIR NEAREST PLANE OR CUTTER JUST AS SOON AS THIS LINE SQUALL BLOWS OVER! THEN COME BACK AND PACK UP ALL OF ERIC'S GEAR FOR THE TRIP! REV. COLE, TEND TO HIM TIL THEN, I MUST RETURN TO THE BRIDGE!

BUT, OUTSIDE, A WILD, RISKY PLAN LEAPT THROUGH CAPT. OLSON'S MIND — BORN OF THIS NEW TURN OF FATE — AND HE PAUSED, TO THINK IT OUT...

YES! BY GEORGE, **YES!** — IT'S CHANCEY, BUT IT CAN WORK! IT **MUST** —!!

BEFORE RETURNING TO THE BRIDGE, HE MADE A BRIEF STOP IN HIS CABIN!

MEANWHILE, FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF THE LINE SQUALL, A U.S. COAST GUARD AMBULANCE PLANE WAS 'FIXING' THE 'HERMOSA'S POSITION BY RADIO...

I MAKE 20° SSW, IN TEN MINUTES, SIR!

IN THE GRAY PRE-DAWN LIGHT, VISUAL CONTACT WAS MADE — AND SOON...

I'M CAPT. OLSON, SKIPPER — YOUR PATIENT'S NAME IS ERIC DAMON, OF SAN FRANCISCO — AND WE'VE GOT ALL HIS LUGGAGE! MISS GRETA, HERE, WILL FLY IN WITH YOU —!

THANK YOU, CAPT. O-OLSON! GOODBYE!

'BYE!

ALL RIGHT, 'FIRST' — BACK TO THE SHIP!

YES SIR! SORRY!

DAWN OF A NEW DAY BROKE BRIGHT AND CLEAR AS THE 'HERMOSA' GOT UNDERWAY AGAIN! THE EVENTS OF THE LAST SIX HOURS WERE FATED TO BE RECALLED AND RELIVED, BY ALL CONCERNED, MANY YEARS LATER — AND HAPPILY SO...

MIAMI: APRIL, 1974

VIKING LINES

THE PASSENGERS OF THE CARIBBEAN CRUISE SHIP, 'VIKING', ARE FILING ABOARD...

NAME PLEASE, SIR—?

DAMON! ERIC DAMON!

CAST OFF! THE HAPPY-SAD, RAUCOUS MINUTES OF MUSIC, LAUGHTER, CHEERS AND TEARS, 'BON VOYAGE', WAVING ARMS AND CASCADING STREAMERS FILL THE AIR, BRIDGING THE WIDENING CHASM TWIXT DOCK AND SHIP —

AND ALL BECOMES MEMORY, AS THE 'VIKING' GLIDES THROUGH THE OUTER CHANNEL — LEADING TO THE SEA'

'WELCOME ABOARD DINNER' AT SIX, FOLLOWED BY COCKTAILS AND ENTERTAINMENT IN THE 'COMPASS ROOM', HOSTED BY A LEATHER-LUNGED COMIC...

—YESSIR, FOLKS! THE 'VIKING'S THE BEST SHIP IN OUR CARIBBEAN FLEET! AND YOU'RE THE BEST AUDIENCE I'VE EVER HAD —

LATER, SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS TO THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS, AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS OF THE SHIP'S NEWLYWEDS, ANNIVERSARY CELEBRANTS; OLDEST AND YOUNGEST, FOREIGN, AND DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS...

—AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, AS THEY SAY, FOLKS, ARE TWO BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE WHO ARE ABOUT TO CELEBRATE **THREE** SIMULTANEOUS 'HIS AND HER' EVENTS —! FIRST — THEIR 35TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY! YEAH, LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE 'BIG 35', FOLKS — CRAZY! COOL IT —

— SECOND, THE LADY'S BIRTHDAY! THE NUMBER OF WHICH ONLY **SHE** KNOWS FOR SURE, BUT WON'T TELL, RIGHT? HAHAHA! OKAY —

— THIRD AND LAST 'GOODY' IS HER MAN'S RETIREMENT, AFTER A 45 YEAR CAREER AT SEA — 36 AS CAPTAIN OF COMMERCIAL, WAR, MERCHANT, AND PLEASURE CRUISE SHIPS! IN FACT, HE SERVED 15 OF THOSE YEARS WITH OUR LINE — 5 RIGHT HERE, ON THE 'VIKING'S BRIDGE! HERE HE IS, ON HIS 'BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY' WITH HIS LOVELY LADY, GUESTS OF THE 'VIKING' —

OUR SPOTLIGHT COUPLE OF THIS CRUISE, FOLKS —

— CAPTAIN AND MRS. NILS **OLSON!**

LET'S HEAR IT —!

YEAH!

GREAT COUPLE!

ACROSS THE ROOM —

CAPTAIN OLSON ?!!

AS THE SHOW ENDS, THE DANCE BAND STRIKES UP...

EXCUSE ME, MR. AND MRS. TODD —

— I'D LIKE TO RENEW AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE!

OF **COURSE**, MR. DAMON! SAM WAS JUST ABOUT TO ASK ME TO DANCE, **WEREN'T** YOU, DEAR?

CAPTAIN OLSON?

MM? — YES?

IT **HAS** BEEN 35 YEARS SINCE WE MET ABOARD THE 'HERMOSA' — BUT I'M —

GOOD LORD! **GRETA!**

IT'S HIM!

ERIC DAMON !!!

ERIC! ERIC!

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY **YOU!** YOU LOOK MARVELOUS! COME, LET'S TALK —!

WHAT A GRAND SURPRISE TO FIND **YOU** — **HERE**, OF ALL PLACES!

ERIC, MEET GRETA — MY WIFE!

HELLO AGAIN, ERIC —

YOU'VE MATURED HANDSOMELY — BUT I'M STILL FURIOUS WITH YOU .. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

"AGAIN"?

"FURIOUS"? WITH ME?

— I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, GRETA!

NONE OF US WILL, OVER THIS MUSIC — LET'S GO!

ON DECK ...

NOW WILL YOU EXPLAIN, GRETA?

HAHA — ALL RIGHT! YOU'RE THE YOUNG MAN WHO, WITH THE HELP OF A STORM AT SEA, RUINED OUR HONEYMOON — FOR STARTERS!

I-I DID THAT?!

BUT .. WE'VE NEVER EVEN MET BEFORE, GRETA!

HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW, GRETA! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO UNRAVEL THIS 35 YEAR OLD MYSTERY FOR THE POOR FELLA! BUT, HONEYMOON OR NO, ERIC — AS YOU CAN SEE — IT ALL WORKED OUT ALL RIGHT FOR US!

HIGH ABOVE TOP DECK, IN THE 'COMPASS LOUNGE' ...

TWO DUBONNÉTS AND A SCOTCH, FEDDY!

SI — CAPT. OLSON!

NOW THEN, ERIC — TO FIT ALL THE MISSING PIECES INTO THE PUZZLE FOR YOU ...

GRETA AND I MET AND FELL IN LOVE IN THE SPRING OF 1937, WHILE SHE WAS PASSENGER ON THE 'HERMOSA'! A GERMAN, SHE'D BEEN VISITING HER RELATIVES IN NEW YORK BEFORE SAILING ON MY SHIP, AS A VACATION — PRIOR TO HER RETURN HOME ...

I WANTED TO MARRY HER IN SAN FRANCISCO — BUT SHE FELT IT ONLY PROPER TO RETURN TO GERMANY, TO ASK HER FATHER'S PERMISSION, PERSONALLY; SETTLE HER AFFAIRS — AND THEN COME BACK TO THE STATES! — I SAW HER OFF ON THE 'HINDENBURG' ...

NEITHER ONE OF US COULD KNOW THAT IT WOULD BE TWO YEARS BEFORE WE'D SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN ...

HER JOY TURNED TO SORROW AND FEAR WHEN SHE WAS TOLD BY FRIENDS THAT HER FATHER'S ANTI-NAZI SENTIMENTS HAD RESULTED IN HIS ARREST BY THE GESTAPO! MONTHS WENT BY WITHOUT A WORD, DESPITE HER INQUIRIES! HE MIGHT HAVE ALREADY DIED AT THEIR HANDS — BUT —

SHE WOULD NOT LEAVE! HOPING HE MIGHT BE ALIVE, AND FREED!

THEN - SIX MONTHS LATER — WHEN THE GESTAPO CAME BACK, THEY CAME FOR **HER!**

HER 'INTERROGATION' LASTED TWO WEEKS! WHEN SHE WAS 'BROKEN' AND THEY RELEASED HER, THEY SAID: " WE'RE FINISHED WITH YOUR FATHER, TOO — HE'S WAITING FOR YOU TO TAKE HIM HOME — "

— IN **THERE!**

FATHER!!

THE LAST CRUEL BLOW HAD BEEN STRUCK...

IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER! HER MIND SNAPPED! FRIENDS TOOK HER IN, SAW TO HER FATHER'S BURIAL — AND READ HER MY LETTERS, TO HELP HER! TIME PASSED...

IT WAS 1938! GERMANY'S RAPE OF EUROPE WAS UNDERWAY! WAR WITH FRANCE AND ENGLAND WAS IMMINENT! IT WAS JULY BEFORE GRETA WAS WELL ENOUGH TO WRITE ME — AND, BY THEN, I'D WORKED OUT A PLAN TO GET HER OUT OF THERE, AND BACK TO ME —

U.S. IMMIGRATION HAD TIGHTENED ENTRY QUOTAS FOR GERMANS — BUT SOUTH AMERICA HAD NOT! IF I COULD ARRANGE FOR GRETA'S PASSAGE THERE, THEN MY PLAN HAD A CHANCE — RISKY, OR NOT...

AUGUST, '38: I WIRED GRETA CASH AND TRAVEL INSTRUCTIONS! SHE SECURED PROPER VISAS, BOOKED PASSAGE FOR VENEZUELA, AND LEFT HER HOMELAND WITH NOTHING BUT ONE SUITCASE, DREAD MEMORIES — AND A GLIMMER OF HOPE...

I'D JUST BEEN MADE CAPTAIN OF THE 'HERMOSA' WHEN GRETA CABLED ME OF HER SAFE ARRIVAL IN CARACAS! IT WAS TIME NOW FOR THE NEXT STEP IN MY PLAN – I NEEDED A SEAPLANE TO DO THE JOB – AND, TOO, THE DISCRETION OF MY FIRST AND SECOND MATES!

AS YOU KNOW, ERIC, THE 'HERMOSA'S RUN WAS WEST TO EAST COAST AND BACK V/A THE PANAMA CANAL — CLOSE ENOUGH TO VENEZUELA FOR A MEDIUM-RANGE SEAPLANE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH US AT SEA AND RETURN – BUT THE JOB HAD TO BE DONE AT **NIGHT!** — WHEN PASSENGERS WERE ASLEEP..

YOU MEAN – THAT **NIGHT** – **THAT PLANE** – AND THE LONE PASSENGER THAT **I** – ?!?

ERIC! WERE **YOU AWAKE** THAT NIGHT – ?!

YES, ON AFT DECK! COULDN'T SLEEP –

BUT THEN – ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT **GRETA** WAS –

THE 'MAN' IN THE SEA-PLANE? **YES** –

NILS HAD ME HIRE A LOCAL CHARTER AIR SERVICE TO FLY ME OUT ON A NIGHT WHEN A CALM SEA AND A FULL MOON WOULD ALLOW US A SAFE LANDING! AT LAST, HE WIRED US HIS CHOICE OF THE NIGHT, HIS SHIP'S POSITION, AND THE HOUR – 2:00 AM – FOR OUR RENDEZVOUS ...

IN THE EVENT THAT I'D BE SEEN, I WAS TO WEAR MEN'S CLOTHES WHEN I CAME ABOARD! THE PILOTS WERE PAID WELL FOR THEIR FLIGHT AND THEIR DISCRETION – AND, EXCEPT FOR YOUR NIGHT-OWL OBSERVATION OF US THAT NIGHT – ALL WENT WELL, AND UNDETECTED — NILS AND I WERE TOGETHER!

BUT – WAIT A MINUTE! I LATER SAW REVEREND COLE, HIS WIFE, AND SUE BEING BROUGHT UPTO YOUR CABIN, CAPTAIN –!

YOU **SEE**, GRETA? HE SAW IT **ALL** – **EVERYTHING!**

YES – HAHA! WELL NOW, I **HAD** COME HALF-WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD TO BE WITH NILS – HADN'T I?

WHY?

YES –! – AND TO **MARRY HIM**, REMEMBER –

– WELL, HAVING A **MINISTER** ABOARD WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! HE WAS SWEET, AND MARRIED US AT ONCE, WITH HIS WIFE AND GIRL 'WITNESSING' FOR US!

– AND PROMISING US THEIR SECRECY!

GREAT SCOTT! SO THAT WAS IT! BUT –

YES, ERIC – 'BUT' **INDEED!** THERE WE WERE, AFTER TWO YEARS.. TOGETHER AGAIN –

– AND LEGALLY WED IN THE EYES OF CHURCH AND MARITIME LAW –! NILS, AS CAPTAIN, WROTE OUT THE LICENSE, THEN ENTERED IT IN THE SHIP'S LOG! IT WAS **HONEYMOON TIME!** WELL, **ALMOST!** –

THE STORM FIXED THAT IN SHORT ORDER! AND THEN, YOUR CONCUSSION, ERIC—!

IS 35 YEARS TOO LATE FOR ME TO EXTEND MY APOLOGIES FOR HAVING TOO THIN A SKULL?

OR I, FOR THE 'HERMOSA'S TOO-THICK BULKHEADS, ERIC?

NOW TELL ME HOW YOU'D PLANNED TO GET GRETA OFF THE SHIP, PAST THE OFFICIALS, IN NEW YORK?

I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO BRAZEN IT OUT WITH 'IMMIGRATION' THERE! SHE **WAS** MY WIFE - AMERICAN BY MARRIAGE! GERMANS WERE NOT YET LISTED AS 'ENEMY' OR 'UNDESIRABLE' ALIENS! THAT CAME WITH THE WAR, IN 1942!

I MIGHT ADD, ALSO, THAT SHE WAS THE MOST **'DESIRABLE'** ALIEN I'D EVER MET! EH, GRETA?

LIEBE SCHATZI, NILS!

BUT YOU STILL HAD ALL THE REST OF THE VOYAGE TO NEW YORK FOR YOUR HONEYMOON—!

NO, ERIC! — BUT THEN HOW **COULD** YOU KNOW? **YOU** WERE 'OUT' COLD.. **UNCONSCIOUS!**

YOU NEEDED HOSPITAL CARE! WHEN I RADIOED THE COAST GUARD TO TAKE YOU OFF THE SHIP, IT STRUCK ME THAT THEY COULD TAKE GRETA **WITH** YOU, AS 'A CONCERNED PASSENGER', RIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL! —

— WHERE, ONCE SHE KNEW YOU WERE OKAY, SHE COULD JUST WALK OUT, AND HEAD FOR NEW YORK, TO STAY WITH HER RELATIVES UNTIL I PUT INTO PORT THERE A FEW WEEKS, LATER—!

AND I **DID**, ERIC—

— I HATED LEAVING NILS, POSTPONING OUR HONEYMOON, BUT HE INSISTED! THEY'D PACKED UP YOUR BAGS — I PUT MINE WITH THEM — AND OFF WE FLEW

— TO A TEXAS CITY — WACO, YES! CITY HOSPITAL! THE DOCTOR SAID YOU'D BE FINE —

— SOON, I WAS ON A TRAIN BOUND FOR NEW YORK, FAMILY, FREEDOM, AND A LIFE WITH NILS!

AND **THAT**, ERIC, IS **HOW** YOU RUINED THE HONEY-MOON OF A LADY YOU'D **NEVER MET!**

THE HEADACHE WAS PUNISHMENT BEFITTING THE CRIME, GRETA, BELIEVE ME! IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE I WAS FIT TO TRAVEL HOME! DAD DIED ABOUT THREE MONTHS LATER — AND I JOINED THE R.C.A.F. AND THE 'BATTLE FOR BRITAIN'!

I TRIED TO LOCATE YOU AFTER THE WAR, NILS — BUT FAILED!

I HAD NO IDEA OF THE COMPLICATIONS INVOLVING WHAT I SAW THAT NIGHT, MY CRACK ON THE HEAD, AND ALL! SAY, YOU TWO — THIS TRIP WOULDN'T BE ANOTHER OF YOUR HONEYMOONS, WOULD IT?

YES IT IS, ERIC; AND IF YOU **DARE** TO RUIN **THIS** ONE **TOO** — I'LL HAVE NILS MAKE YOU **WALK THE PLANK!**

BUT NOW TELL US ABOUT YOU!

ME—? I'M A 57 YEAR OLD MYSTERY-WRITER WHO'S ABOUT TO BID GOODNIGHT TO YOU, RETIRE TO MY CABIN — AND MY PORTABLE — AND START WRITING ABOUT A 25 YEAR OLD MYSTERY AT SEA! THE PLOT OF WHICH NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE, I'M SURE!

HAPPY HONEY-MOON!

CALM SEAS!

SEE YOU AT BRUNCH

END

On March 17, 1969
I awoke at 8:A.M...

I haven't slept since.

7 Years of Consciousness-

Lots of Women...

Some Men...

No Animals.

Last night the novelty wore off.

So I tried something new.

The only thing is...
What happens when I get bored with this?

SALLY FORTH

by WALLACE WOOD

THE GENERAL SAID WE WERE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH OUR SHIP HERE AT 1805 HOURS
DUH.. 805?
THAT'S 6 05 P.M. HARY
YOU KNOW B.G. HAND ON THE FIVE SMALL HAND ON THE SIX!

IT'S GOING TO TAKE A WHILE TO FIX THE LEAK AND OUR RADIO'S OUT TOO.

LET'S SEE IF THEY HAVE A TELEPHONE AT THAT CASTLE...

911

THIS SURE IS A CREEPY-LOOKING PLACE!

NOK! NOK!

HELLO, I AM JEEVES THE BUTLER!

JESUS! IF THAT'S THE BUTLER I WONDER WHAT THE OWNERS LOOK LIKE...

MAY I TAKE YOUR THINGS?

OOPS! EXCUSE ME!

IT'S OKAY! I'M KIND OF USED TO IT!

RRIP!

AT THE FIRST DOOR BY THE STAIRS IS A BEDROOM WITH DRESSES. FEEL FREE TO SLIP INTO ONE!

NOW, IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL BE SEATED IN THE DYIN--er--LIVING ROOM, I'LL-- PARDON ME!

NOK! NOK!

YAAAAAH!!

HALLLP! IT'S A MONSTER!!

WHAT COULD FRIGHTEN A GUY LIKE JEEVES?

I DON'T KNOW! THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT ME!

I'M STILL WONDERING WHO OWNS THIS PLACE!

LOOK NO FURTHER, FEARLESS LEADER!

I THINK WE IS IN *TROUBLE!*

MEANWHILE...

I FEEL AS IF SOMEONE IS STARING AT ME--BUT THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE 'CEPT A LITTLE OL' BAT!

I TELL YOU THAT PICTURE WAS STARING AT ME

EASY SIR

IT'S BEEN A VERY TRYING DAY THIS PLACE IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE IMAGINE ANYTHING..

BUT I TELL YOU I SAW IT! THERE WAS THIS LITTLE BEADY EYE GLITTERING

BEADY EYE ON 2 JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET MY BODY BACK

WHICH REMINDS ME I MUST GET TO THE LAB AND GET THINGS READY

IT WAS ONCE OF MY OLD FRIEND DR FRANKENSTEIN TO LEAVE ME THIS CASTLE

NOW ALL I NEED IS THE AID OF PROF GRATZ AND-- LOOK OUT WORLD

OH!

IT'S YOU, JEEVES! YOU STARTLED ME FOR A MOMENT!

IT'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT-- THEY WILL BE OUT

WHO WILL?

YOU NAME 'EM KID--WE GOT 'EM!

WELL, LETS SEE IF WE CAN GET SOMETHING TO EAT! I'M--

WOOPS! WRONG DOOR!

SLAM!

WHERE'S SALLY?

SHE'S UPSTAIRS, CHANGING.

INTO WHAT?

THIS SUMMER DRESS I THINK I'LL TRY IT ON.

I WISH THAT BAT WOULD STOP STARING AT ME

HEY! HE'S CHANGING INTO

PERMEET ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF I AM COUNT VERNACULA..

...A LITTLE BITTY MAN IN A DRESS SUIT!

FROM A LITTLE BAT YOU EXPECTED MAYBE JAMES ARNESS?

ANYWAY PREPARE TO JOIN THE RANKS OF THE LIVING DEAD

HERE NOW YOU STOP THAT KIND OF TALK! IT ISN'T NICE

TWO SMALL PUNCTURES BEEN THE NECK AND - POOF! INSTANT IMMORTALITY!

YOU YOU'RE A VAMPIRE!

THIS WILL STOP YOU I SAY IN A MOVE ONCE

HEE HEE! SNORT! I AM SORRY MY DEAR BUT IT WON'T WORK! YOU SEE -- I AM A JEWISH VAMPIRE!

YOU KNOW COUNT YOU SHOULD TAKE BETTER CARE OF YOURSELF

YOU'RE VERY PALE. I SAW SOMETHING IN THE CLOSET THAT YOU SHOULD TRY.

?

A SUN LAMP!!

WHAT!? NO! NO! TURN IT OFF!

YAAAAH!

DID YOU SEE SOMETHING GO BY JUST NOW?

YEAH. LOOKED LIKE A LITTLE MAN.

IN A FULL DRESS SUIT..

DINNER IS SERVED.

LET'S GO GET IT! I'M STARVING!

LOOK! THE TABLE IS ALL SET...

I'M SO NERVOUS.. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN EAT ANYTHING!

CALM DOWN. GRATZ... HAVE A GLASS OF THIS BOOZE.

WELL, CHEERS...

RIGHT BOTTOMS UP!

?!

WHAT WAS *IN* THIS STUFF? I COULD'VE SWORN GRATZ WAS SITTING THERE A MINUTE AGO...?!

GRATZ YOU ARE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I BROUGHT YOU HERE... I NEED YOUR HELP! YOU ARE THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON MICRO-ELECTRONIC BIOCHEMISTRY...

...AND WITH YOUR HELP, WE WILL RESTORE MY BODY TO ITS PREVIOUS CONDITION AND RETURN MY BRAIN TO IT... DO YOU AGREE?

NO

DO I HAVE A CHOICE?

THEN I AGREE!

MEANWHILE SALLY IS UNAWARE SHE IS BEING SCRUTINIZED...

THE MOON... THE FULL MOON...

WHICH DRESS SHALL I WEAR? DECISIONS, DECISIONS!

NO! NO! IT MUSTN'T HAPPEN AGAIN... I... UH!

AAAH-- OOOO-- WOOF!

OH--A DOGGIE! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

HERE, DOGGIE.. NICE, DOGGIE...

HERE ARE THE QUICK-FROZEN BODIES GRATZ. . AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S A REAL BODY SHOP! HYUK! HYUK! HYUK!

YOUR LEVITY AT THIS TIME IS UNSEEMLY, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO!

I DON'T MIND YOUR SAYING SO BUT I WISH I KNEW WHAT YOU SAID!

HERE'S MY OLD BODY.. YOU CAN RESTORE IT TO ITS FORMER CONDITION?

OH YES THAT'S NO TROUBLE!

GOOD! WHEN CAN WE BEGIN THE BRAIN TRANSFER?

TOMORROW NIGHT.. IF THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL STORM...

YOU MEAN YOU NEED TO HARNESS THE LIGHTNING FOR ITS ADDED FE-G-NG POWER?

NO I MEAN IT WILL PUT ME IN THE PROPER MOOD FOR THIS KIND OF WORK!

MEANWHILE...

EEE--

YOW!

CRASH!

HEY! THAT RACKET'S COMING FROM SALLY'S ROOM! C'MON MEN. LET'S GO!

THUD!

SALLY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

ME? OH, SURE. I JUST HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE GETTING THIS COLLAR ON MY DOGGIE...

NICE DOGGIE

WELL, TIME FOR BED...

I'LL TAKE MY WATCH DOG TO PROTECT ME...

COME ON, DOGGIE!

"DOGGIE", HUH? WAIT 'TIL SHE'S ASLEEP..

THERE! SHE'S SNORING... NOW I'M GONNA BITE HER--

WHAT TH'--?!

Z

THE MOON! THE FULL MOON HAS SET!

I I CAN'T-- BREATHE-- UGH

WHAT?! THIS COLLAR-THIS GODDAMN COLLAR!

I'M CHANGING... BACK TO LARRY TALBOT...

AND THIS COLLAR'S TOO TIGHT..

I'M...

AAGH!!

PLOP!

HUH

HEY! WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT'S UP SALLY? WHAT HAPPENED..?

I DON'T KNOW I WOKE UP AND THIS MAN WAS LYING HERE.

AND MY DOGGIE'S GONE...

TWAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT ON THE MOORS THE WIND LASHED THE TREMB.ING WALLS AND .GHTN NG SPL T THE DARKNESS .

TURN THAT GOD DAMN TV SET OFF FOR CHRSTS SAKE ! THIS PLACE S CREEPY ENOUGH !

TH.S REMNDS ME OF A MOVE I SAW ONCE THESE PEOPLE WERE TRAPPED BY A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE

WHO WON?

I FORGET..

IN THE .ABORATORY .

A FEW MORE SECONDS AND T S DONE..

I HAVE DONE IT ! WHETHER TIS AN EVIL AND UNNATURAL THING OR NO, S FOR UNBORN GENERATIONS TO DEC DE . I MERELY FOLLOW WHERE SC ENCE .EADS ..

HEY, YOU TALK FUNNY

SORRY JEEVES, GOT A LITTLE CARRED AWAY THERE

CAPTAIN MENO SPEAK TO ME!

SLOWLY MENOS LIPS MOVE . A WORD FORMS

SCHMUCK!

LOOK AT ME ! ONE EYE ! ONE ARM ONE LEG WHAT THE HELL ?

WELL, YOU SAID TO RESTORE YOU TO YOUR ORIGINAL CONDITION.. I THOUGHT YOU

BLIM ! IDIOT ! MORON ! JERK ! IMBECILE ! CRETIN JOLT TRATOR ASSASSIN BUM RAT

I THINK HE S SORE AT ME

MEANWHILE

THIS PLACE S TOO SPOOKY I M GETTING OUT OF HERE !

GNYARRG !

OOPS WRONG DOOR.

YOU POOR MAN YOU MUST VE BEEN IN A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT .

?

EEYAHH!

A SCREAM COME ON !

SALLY ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ? WHAT WAS THAT SCREAM ?

OH THAT WAS HMM...THE CHICKEN SOUP I MADE HMM WAS TOO HOT.

BEST CHICKEN SOUP I'VE HAD IN 5000 YEARS

HMM I'VE NOTICED A LOT OF STRANGE THINGS GOING ON AROUND HERE ..

I WONDER IF THERE S GOING TO BE ANY MORE MONKEY BUS NESS

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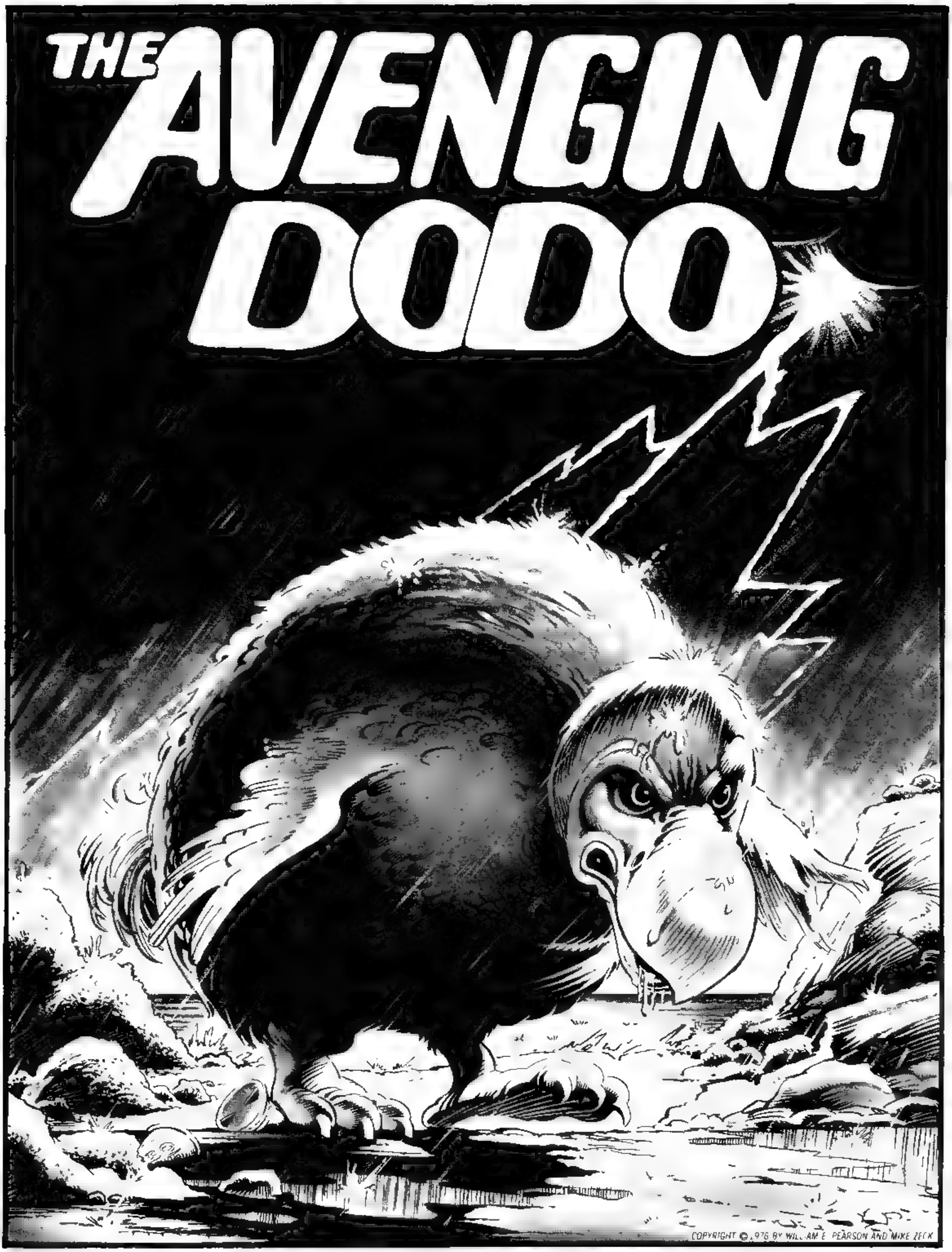
1976
P. CRAIG RUSSELL

THE AVENGING DODO



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PEARSON / ZECK

SINCE TIME BEGAN, THE MASCARENE ISLANDS, IN WHAT IS NOW CALLED THE INDIAN OCEAN, NURTURED LIFE UNRELATED TO MOST SPECIES EVOLVING ELSEWHERE ON EARTH,...

FROM THE WARM CORAL BEDS TO THE VERDANT FIELDS OF THE INTERIOR, QUEER CREATURES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION LIVED IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.

IN THE LUSH FORESTS OF MAURITIUS, PEACEFUL COLONIES OF HUGE FLIGHTLESS BIRDS SHARED A BOUNTIFUL EXISTENCE WITH THEIR FELLOW BEASTS, LARGE AND SMALL.

THEN CAME.... MEN!

IT'S A PARADISE, CAPTAIN.

I CLAIM THESE ISLANDS FOR THE REPUBLIC OF THE NETHERLANDS, IN THE NAME OF MAURICE OF NASSAU, SON OF WILLIAM THE SILENT, GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF!

WE'LL STAY LONG ENOUGH TO BUILD A FORT, THEN RETURN TO AMSTERDAM FOR VOLUNTEERS TO SETTLE PERMANENTLY.

LOOK AT THE FUNNY BIRDS!

WHAT ARE THEY, TURKEYS?

HO HO HO! LIKE NO TURKEYS I EVER SAW!

THEY'VE GOT WINGS, BUT THEY CAN'T EVEN GET OFF THE GROUND!

HA HA!

THE STRANGE CREATURES WERE CALLED "DODOS" BY THE SAILORS WHO USED THEM FOR TARGET PRACTICE.

PFWAM

GOT 'IM! LOOK AT THE FOOL THING TWITCH!

THEY WERE NOT GOOD TO EAT, BUT FUN TO SHOOT AND WATCH DIE.

BRING THE BIG ONE, HANS. WE'LL SELL IT AS A CURIOSITY BACK HOME.

IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, THE ILL-FATED FOWL SUFFERED A RAPID DECLINE....

WOOOOHAAAA! LOOK AT THEM RUN!

HOGS IMPORTED BY THE SETTLERS ESCAPED TO THE WOODS AND FED ON THE EGGS IN THEIR GROUND NESTS.

IT WAS IN THE YEAR **1598** WHEN THE DODO WAS FIRST REPORTED, AND IN LESS THAN A CENTURY, BY THE YEAR **1681**, THEY WERE GONE.

THESE ARE THE LAST THREE ALIVE, CAPTAIN.

TAKE CARE OF THEM. THE ZOO PEOPLE ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO RECEIVE THEM ALIVE.

WE FOUND SEVERAL EGGS, AND THE COOK IS FIXING A PLACE FOR THEM IN THE STOREROOM.

GOOD! PERHAPS A FEW WILL MAKE IT BACK SAFELY.

IT WAS EARLY ON A COLD, GRAY DAWN WHEN THE SHIP WITH ITS PRECIOUS CARGO CAUGHT THE TIDE AND SET OUT TO SEA...

THE SKY LOOKS VERY PECULIAR, MATE.... KEEP A CLOSE WATCH.

THE VOLCANIC CRATERS IN THE INTERIOR HAD SIMMERED QUIETLY FOR EONS, BUT THEY BOILED SUDDENLY TO BLINDING LIFE, ALMOST AS THOUGH THE OLD ISLAND GODS WERE OFFENDED BY THE ABRUPT EXTINCTION OF THEIR UNIQUE INHABITANTS.

WILL THE COLONISTS BE SAFE?!

TO HELL WITH THE COLONISTS! **LOOK AT THAT WAVE!**

THE SHIP SKIMMED THE HORIZON, THEN FLIPPED OVER LIKE A CHILD'S TOY AND SPIRALED TO THE DEPTHS IN A FIERCE UNDERTOW!

SO SEVERE WERE THE CONVULSIVE ERUPTIONS THAT A GIANT RIFT SLICED THE EARTH BENEATH THE WATER, AND THE SHIP BECAME SPLINTERS OF REFUSE.

MIRACULOUSLY, ONE OF THE DODO EGGS SURVIVED THE CATACLYSM.

IT SANK GENTLY INTO THE BOGGY BRINE, SURROUNDED BY TANGLED DEBRIS FROM THE WORLD ABOVE...

AND CAME TO REST IN THE WARM, RICH MUD OF THE SEA BOTTOM.

FOR MONTHS THE EGG LAY DORMANT IN THE SOFT PRIMORDIAL OOZE BENEATH THE SEA....

RELUCTANT TO WITHER AND DIE, THE TINY EMBRYO MATURED WITHIN ITS SECURE SHELL, GATHERING VALUABLE NUTRIENTS IMPERCEPTIBLY IN JUST SUFFICIENT MEASURE TO THRIVE.

GRADUALLY, EVER SO SUBTLY, SAFE FROM DECAY, THE PITIFUL FETUS DEVELOPED HESITANT AWARENESS OF ITSELF AS A LIVING ORGANISM.

I....

I AM....

I AM **ALIVE!**

FOR CENTURIES THE DODO DEVELOPED IN THE MURKY MUCK, OBLIVIOUS TO THE FAINT IMPRESSIONS FROM THE FRANTIC, FRIVOLOUS, SHORT-LIVED ORGANISMS SURROUNDING IT....

FEEDING ITS ONLY ENERGY CONSUMING ORGAN... ITS **BRAIN!**

HAVING NOTHING EXTERNALLY TO CONCERN ITSELF WITH, THE DODO'S BRAIN DUG DEEP INTO ITS MEMORY, THE COLLECTIVE MEMORY OF HIS SPECIES.... A SPECIES THAT HAD EXISTED FOR THOUSANDS OF GENERATIONS BEFORE MANKIND CAME ALONG AND MISNAMED THEM DODOS.

FOR IF ONLY THEY'D CARED TO INVESTIGATE, THEY'D HAVE CERTAINLY DISCOVERED THAT THE DODO HAD AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE MIND.... IN FACT, A MIND OF EXTRAORDINARY TELEPATHIC EMPATHY,... AN INBORN, VIVID MEMORY OF ITS ENTIRE EVOLUTIONARY PATH!

AND THE LONGER THE DODO DELIBERATED ON THE DASTARDLY DEMISE OF HIS DOOMED DODO ANCESTORS, THE MADDER HE GOT.

BY THE TIME THE DODO WAS 300 YEARS OLD, IT WAS THE SMARTEST DODO THAT HAD EVER BEEN BORN, AND IT HADN'T EVEN BEEN BORN YET!

COINCIDENTALLY, JUST ABOUT THAT TIME, THE HUGE PLATES BENEATH THE SEA SHIFTED AGAIN, AND THE LAST FERTILE DODO EGG SHOT TO THE SURFACE, LIKE A MISSILE FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL!

AND CAME TO REST, BOBBING UNEASILY OFF THE SOUTH SHORE OF CATALINA ISLAND, AT LEAST HALFWAY ACROSS THE WORLD FROM WHERE IT HAD DISAPPEARED INCONSPICUOUSLY SO LONG AGO.

IT'S SHELL CRACKED AND SCARRED BY THIS TIME, IT TOOK LITTLE EFFORT FOR THE OVERDUE DODO TO HATCH FORTH AT LAST AND SCRAMBLE AWKWARDLY TO THE ROCKY SHORE...

WHERE HE SAT, DESOLATE AND ALONE, COLDER AND MORE WRETCHED THAN HE HAD EVER BEEN BEFORE. AND MAD! MADDER THAN HELL, AND AS MEAN AS ONLY THE LAST ANGRY DODO COULD BE!

I'LL MAKE THEM PAY! THEY'LL BE SORRY FOR WHAT THEY DID TO US!

WELL BEFORE HIS FIRST DAWN, HAVING SOBERLY DECIDED HIS COURSE, THE AVENGING DODO, INDOMINABLE AND FULL OF WRATH, SET OUT ON HIS MURDEROUS PATH OF VENGEANCE!

I CAN'T HOPE TO KILL THEM ALL, BUT I'LL GET MANY — ***MANY*** BEFORE THEY ERASE MY KIND FROM THE EARTH!

THE STORY YOU HAVE JUST FINISHED IS FICTION! IT NEVER REALLY HAPPENED AT ALL. BUT WHAT IF IT DID?!

GOOD LORD — CHOKE —

WHAT IF IT DID?!

END

'96
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TOX THE TARSIER WAS HEADED FOR TOWN IN HOPES OF A FEW DAYS OF HARMLESS EROTIC FUN. THE MOON-EYED MONKEY HADN'T A THOUGHT TO DRAW HIS SWORD- NAY HIS HAND WAS TO BE CLASPED ABOUT A GOBLET, NOT A HILT..

YET THIS NIGHT HE WAS DESTINED TO STAIN THE WOODS DEEP BLACK WITH THE BLOOD OF MONSTERS.

TIME FOR A BIT OF FROLIC AND... SNICKER SNICKER. **MISCHIEF**, METHINKS

THE COW'S OTHER UDDER INN

OUR TALE TRULY BEGINS IN "THE COW'S OTHER UDDER INN", AS SORDID A DEN OF CANDOR AS ANY IN THE LAND OF LUXOMBUXOM. BUT THERE WERE GEMS GLITTERING AMONG THE COALS. VOLUPTUOUS LITTLE MARMOSETS WITH LONG SLENDER TAILS AND BOUNTIFUL BREASTS OF FUR DANCED AMONG THE SINFUL SYNOD THIS WAS..

GOOD EVE TOX YOU'LL BE WANTING YOUR **USUAL.**

AYE MY USUAL TABLE, MY USUAL DRINK, AND MY... WINK. .**USUAL.** YOU LUSTY WENCH.

MY FURRY WORLD ...AND WELCOME TO IT!

SCRIPT- NICOLA CUTI
ART- JOE STATON
LETTERING- BRUCE D.

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AS THE ADVENTUROUS TOX QUAFFED HIS BREW A BRIEF GLIMMER OF PULCHRITUDE CHANCED TO PASS THE VIEW OF THE GLASS BOTTOM OF HIS TANKARD

SCARCE A FULL SECOND WAS SHE IN HIS SIGHT BUT EVERY DETAIL OF HER VISAGE WAS ETCHED ON HIS BRAIN. HER FUZZY ANGELIC FACE; HER SAD SLOE EYES... AN IMAGE OF SIMIAN PERFECTION.

HE SPRANG FROM HIS TABLE HOPING TO WAYLAY THE COACH WHICH CARRIED HIS BELLA DONNA HIS MAIDEN HIS PRINCESS AFAR FROM HIS BLEATING HEART.

BUT IT WAS NO GAILY DECORATED COACH THAT CLATTERED O'ER THE COBBLESTONE STREETS HORROR OF HORRORS! TOX'S BRIDE-TO-BE... ALAS NOW BRIDE-NEVER-TO-BE... WAS A PASSENGER OF THE DREADED.

MEAT WAGON! FAIR YOUNG FEMALES WERE CARTED OFF TO KING BLOTHAR'S CASTLE TO FULFILL HIS LUST AND THEN HIS APPETITE!

HOLD ON, FLASH! YOU'RE GOING AFTER THE **WRONG** VILLAIN FREE HER FROM THE LIZARD AND SHE'LL JUST BE RECAPTURED. STRIKE TO THE ROOT OF THE EVIL...**KING BLOTHAR!**

THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING I AM **YOG** THE **BOUNTY HUNTER.** I'VE BEEN HIRED BY THOSE GIRLS' DADDIES TO **END** BLOTHAR'S REIGN, AND I COULD USE A PARTNER.

NOT INTERESTED.

HALT, YOU REPTILIAN SLIME! RELEASE THOSE FEMALES OR YOUR ICY **BLOOD** WILL **SPURT** FROM THE STUMP OF YOUR NECK!

HEY!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

SO MUCH FOR THE DIRECT APPROACH. NOW, SUPPOSE WE TRY IT **YOG'S WAY.**

ONLY IF IT'S AN **IMPROVEMENT** ON TOX'S WAY.

THE TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE FOLLOWED THE PRISON WAGON THROUGH THE FOREST FOR HOURS ON MOUNTS PROVIDED BY YOG. .

THIS IS QUITE A BEAST. WHO OWNED HIM BEFORE ME?

I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME BUT HE'S RIDING **INSIDE** THE **MANTI.**

INSIDE?!

THE MANTI ONLY FEEDS ONCE A MONTH. YOU'RE SAFE **UNTIL** THAT LUNAR PERIOD COMES 'ROUND.

WHEN... WHEN WAS THE LAST...LAST TIME **MY** MANTI ATE?

WELLLL. WE SHOULD BE REACHING THE CASTLE BEFORE HE GETS HUNGRY AGAIN BUT IF YOU HEAR ANY RUMBLINGS FROM THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF HIS STOMACH...

I'D SPUR HIM ON A BIT.

SHORTLY, THEY ARRIVED AT THE FOREBODING EDIFICE A MONUMENT OF UNDILUTED EVIL. SHRILL CRIES OF TERROR ASSAULTED THE THICK DANK AIR AS PUTRID GASES MISTED THE CASTLE WALLS.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THAT, YOG? WE **NEED** THE BRIDGE TO RIDE TO THE CASTLE.

I AIN'T TEAR N IT DOWN, OVAL ORBS JUST **WEAKENING** IT A LITTLE. IT'S ALL PART OF MY MASTER PLAN.

YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE HAVEN'T YOU THIS ISN'T YOUR FIRST JOURNEY TO BLOTHAR'S CASTLE.

I'M IN TROUBLE? IF I'M GOING TO BE A PART OF THESE SECRET PLANS, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THEY ARE. WHY DON'T YOU ***TELL*** ME WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND?

I LOST SEVERAL PARTNERS SETTING EVERYTHING UP. I HOPE I'VE GOT IT RIGHT THIS TIME.. IF I DON'T, ***YOU'RE*** IN TROUBLE.

'CAUSE YOU MAY NOT LIKE IT. FOR INSTANCE SEE THOSE ***STATUES*** AHEAD. .

THEY ***AREN'T*** STATUES!

GOLEMS!

THAT WAS ***DUMB.*** GOLEMS ARE MADE OF ***CLAY!*** YOUR SWORD WILL REMAIN INSIDE HIM.

SO? WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO?

THE SMART THING. FUZZY BRAINS ***RETREAT!***

I SUPPOSE THIS IS ALL PART OF YOUR FANTASTIC MASTER PLAN.

IT IS!

WITH THEIR FIRES OUT THEY'RE NO MORE THAN TWO LUMPS OF CLAY. LET'S GET DOWN THERE AND RETRIEVE YOUR SWORD.. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT.

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR US NEXT, OR ARE YOU STILL CONCERNED ABOUT MY **BRAVERY?**

NOT AT ALL ESPECIALLY SINCE I FINALLY UNDERSTAND YOUR MOTIVES. I'M DOING THIS FOR **MONEY**, BUT I COULDN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE REALLY DOING IT FOR A MERE FEMALE.

BUT I **AM.** WHAT OTHER REASON COULD I HAVE?

GLORY. EGO. THE FEMALE IS JUST THE OBJECTIVE AN **EXCUSE** FOR THE QUEST.

THERE! YOUR **SHIELD** IS FINISHED. IT WILL BE YOUR BEST PROTECTION AGAINST THE **QUILLMAN.**

QUILLMAN? I **DON'T** LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.

YOU SEE? YOU'RE BETTER OFF IGNORANT. FROM HERE ON IN, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN. I'LL BE WAITING OUTSIDE FOR YOU TO LURE **BLOTHAR** TO ME THEN I'LL FINISH HIM OFF.

YOU NEVER FINISHED TELLING ME ABOUT THE QUILL... AW HELL MAYBE YOUR WAY IS BETTER.

WHAT AM I DOING HERE? ALL I AM IS YOG'S **PAWN** A WAY TO DRAW BLOTHAR INTO THE OPEN TOUGH LUCK YOG OLE BOY. 'CAUSE AFTER I LOCATE THE G.R.L. I'M...

PSSST! OVER HERE. N THE CELL.

I KNEW YOU'D COME FOR ME! I'M **TARA** AND I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT BLOTHAR **ATE** THE OTHERS

TARA. MAYBE YOU CAN ANSWER A QUESTION FOR ME. WHAT S A **QUILLMAN?**

THE **QUILLMAN!** HE'S A **MONSTER!** HE HAS THE FACE OF A PORCUPINE A BODY COVERED WITH **POISONOUS QUILLS.** WHICH HE CAN LAUNCH LIKE MISSILES AND... HE'S STANDING **THREE METERS** BEHIND YOU!

YOU KNOW NONE OF THAT BOTHERED ME UNTIL YOU GOT TO THE **LAST PART.**

STAY BEHIND THE **SHIELD!**

I'VE ONLY GOT **ONE** QUILL. HOPE THAT'S ENOUGH.

BINGO! THIS WAY **OUT!**

WHAT ABOUT **BLOTHAR?** AREN'T YOU GOING TO VANQUISH HIM?

NOT UNLESS HE'S THREE METERS AWAY

FLYIN' BALLS OF FLUR! THERE AIN'T A CREATURE ON THE PLANET THAT ENORMOUS

BLOTHAR!

WHAT'S THIS FURRY PILLAR DOING HERE? I DON'T RECALL IT BEFORE

THE AIR SHUDDERED WITH HIS MOCKING LAUGHTER. THE COLOSSUS WAS PLEASED WITH THE SPECTACLE HE HAD LOST HIS LIVING ALARM SYSTEMS BUT THE SHOW HAD BEEN WORTH THE PRICE. NOW IT WAS TIME TO ..

HE'S JUST STANDING THERE ... LAUGHING!

NO NEED FOR HIM TO RUSH HE HAS ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO CUT US OFF

BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN!

CRASH

WHUMP!

HE'S ALMOST UPON US. WE'LL **NEVER** MAKE IT TO YOUR MANTI.

IT'S NOT MY AMBITION TO END UP AS **TATAR D' TARSIER** SO I'LL KEEP RUNNING.

KER-THUNK!!

GLAAAH!

WHERE DID THAT **BIG ARROW** COME FROM?

YOG! **SO THAT** WAS THE FINAL STEP IN HIS PLAN. HE MUST HAVE HAD A CROSS BOW HIDDEN IN THE WOODS.

THIP!

CRASH!

WHERE ARE THE OTHER GIRLS? SOON AS I COLLECT MY REWARD I WANT TO GO TO VERBUN TO KILL KING BONNBONN.

BLOTHAR **ATE** THEM. TOO BAD, YOG, GUESS THERE'S NO WAY FOR YOU TO TURN A PROFIT.

AS FOR ME, I'M GOING TO MARRY TARA AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

PROFIT! HUMMM!

YEARS LATER...

McYOGS

DADDY! DADDY! I WANNA **BLOTHAR BURGER** WITH THE WORKS.

YOG, IS BONNBONN STILL REIGNING IN VERBUN?

TRY OUR BLOTHAR BURGER

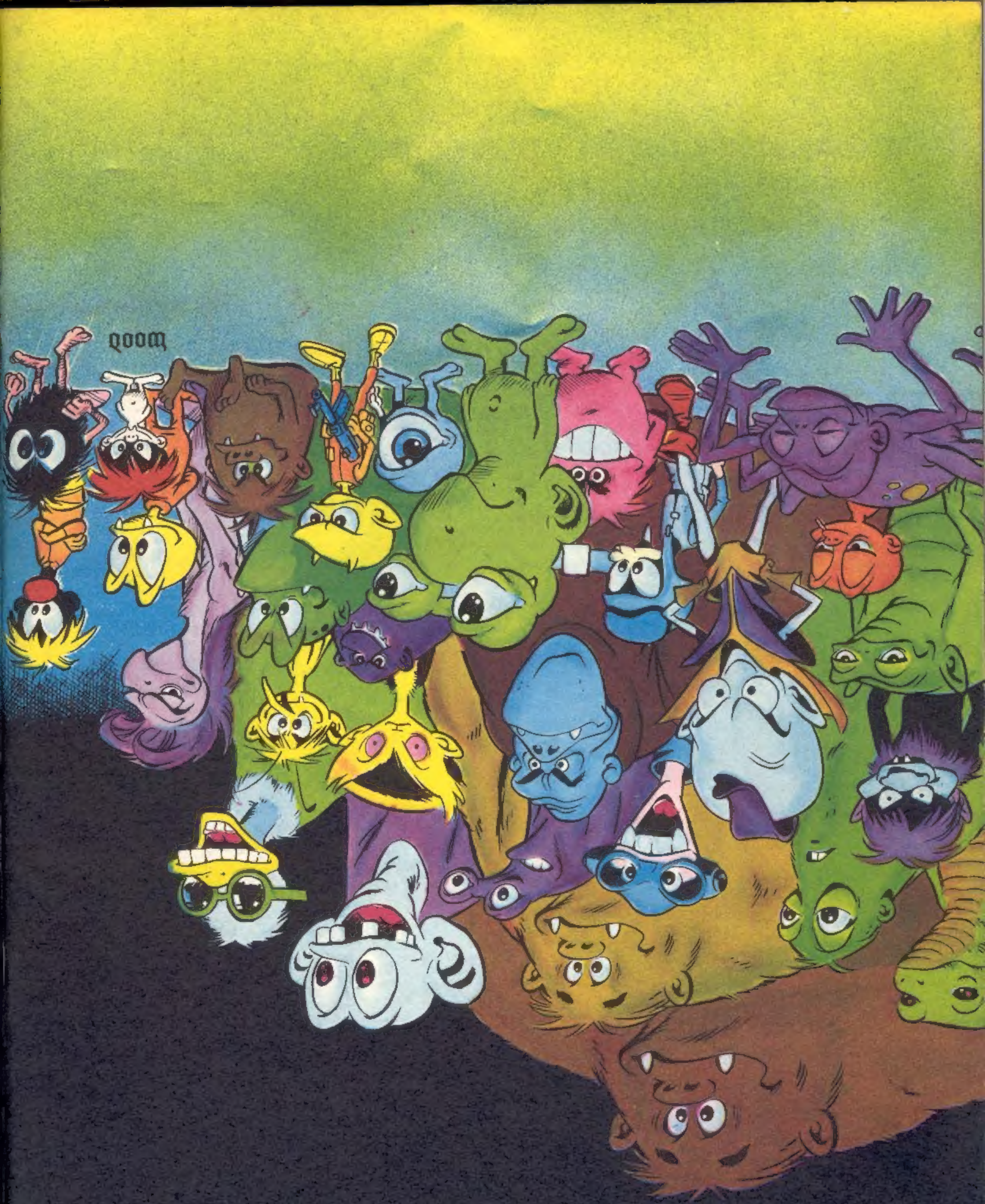
FAT, AND FIT FOR KILLING. YOUR OLD MANTI IS GROOMED AND WON'T BE HUNGRY FOR WEEKS.

THE END

BACKWORD

This publication has no theme, purpose, or significance. Forget everything you have seen and read in the preceding pages.

THE EDITORS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